BIEN VENV.

GREATE BRITAINES

WELCOME TO HIR GREATE

FRIENDES, AND DEERE BRETHREN

THE DANES.

(***)

When Loue is well expreſt in Worde, and Deede,
T'wixt Friendes, it ſhowes they are right well agreed.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

To the right noble Lord, *Philip Herbert* Earle of Mountgomerie, Baron of Shurland: *and the right worshipfull Sir* Iames Haies *Knight.*

TO you, Faire Hands, (Hands of my dreadest Lord,
Wherewith He feeds himself with sweet delight)
To You my Rimes runne of their owne accord,
Sith in your Hands remaines some hidden might,
That Like the Load-stoane drawes (as with a Cord)
Myne Iron Numbers to your Lilly White:
They, to the North-point, point: O then affoorde
To take them to It; for, aye me, my sight
Cannot behold Light, lowingly abhor'd:
Sith for mine Eyes such Sunne-Beames are too bright:
Yet, lest at my presumption Scorne should boorde,
Detaine them (if you please) to do me right:
But, if, when you haue waide them, weight they be,
Or giue, or take them, all is one to me.

The euer honorer of your most honorable virtues,

IOHN DAVIES *of Hereford.*

BRITISH
11 JY 1919
MUSEUM

BIEN VENV.

Great Britaines welcome to her great friends, and deare Brethren, the *Danes*.

YE Angels which (in Soule inchaunting Quires)
Do celebrate your Soueraignes holy praise,
Who euer burne in loues refyning fires,
& Cõcords Tones to highest Thrones do raise,
Descend (by Swarmes, on wings of Loues desires)
Discords to drowne with Loues harmonious Layes:
And ope Heauens Casements wherthrough fly ye do,
Right ore the place where one King lyues in two.

And, were yee ignorant where that should be,
But ope those wind-dores and yee soone should know:
For, to the Heauens the fame thereof doth flee,
From now great Britaine (highest Heauen below)
There shall yee finde two great Kings so agree,
As if the one, the others Heart did owe:
Sith Loues great Lord, and yours, doth ioy in this,
His ioy to you (his Guard) is highest blisse.

Then, come (Celeſtiall Soldiers) make a Ring,
About the Kings, wherein your King doth ioy:
A twofold Guard make for this twofold King,
Of Men, and Angels, from what would anoy:
Let Enuie in your Targets leaue hir Sting,
That ſhe may not anoy, much leſſe deſtroy:
And whatſoere impugnes their peaceſull plight,
On your reſiſtance let their rancour light.

Britaine, thou onee didſt ſtretch thy conquering Armes
Where ere the fower Seas with thy wings do warre:
And though, through hurts, receiu'd in hot Alarmes,
(As maim'd) thou couldſt not reach ſcarſe halfe ſo farre;
Yet now thou haſt recouered thy harmes,
Thine Armes thoſe Seas embrace, but cannot barre:
For, had'ſt thou will, as thou haſt power obtaind,
By Sea, nor Land thine Armes could be containd.

The rather, ſith a King ſo gracefully great,
(Graced by Greatneſſe as he It doth grace)
Is one with ours, to make ours more compleat,
As ours with Him makes Him in better caſe:
What forraine Pow'r to ſhunne their Angers heat,
Will not ſpeake coldly, with a fawning face:
Whoſe Armes, together ioynd, can compaſſe all
That ſtands betweene the great Turke and his fall.

Denmarke exult, ſith what thou hadſt, thou haſt:
Thou didſt of yore (thou wotſt) command this *Land*:
That now againe is preſent, which is paſt:
In Loue, thou maiſt the *Land* (inlargd) command:
For, it to thee is *So vnited faſt*,
That one to other cannot chooſe but ſtand:
Withſtand you whoſo will, you both, as one,
Muſt ſtand or fall, by force of Vnion.

O VNION! that enclaſpeſt in thyne armes,
All that in Heau'n and Earth is great, or good,
(Thou Heau'nly Harbour from all earthly harmes)
Thou *Damm*, that ſtaiſt the *S*treames of humane bloud)
What humane Heart but (maugre *Hatreds* Charms)
Will not deſire thee, as the Angells food?
Sith through thy powr thou makſt mans powr ſo ſtrõg:
As not to offer, much leſſe ſuffer wrong.

Thou Iſle (which *Thetis* in hir lap doth lull,
And with Indulgence makes thee wantonize)
Now maiſt thou feathers from thy Peacocks pull,
To ſet thee out, in eie-attracting wiſe:
Triumph with ioy: for, now if thou be dull
The world, as baſe, will iuſtly thee deſpiſe:
Sith neere thy Forehead ſtand two Kings of powr,
To ſmoothit, maugre all that makes it lowr.

Arches

BIEN VENV.

Arches tryumphall to the Heauens erect,
Whereunder threefold-Maieſtie may paſſe,
Whoſe beames on It, true Eyes may ſo reflect,
As do the Sunnes from cleareſt chriſtall glaſſe:
Let all thy ſtreetes with Obiectes deere bee deckt,
To ſhow thy State is more then ere it was:
For, in no moderne memorie hath beene,
Two ſuch great Kings in thee together ſeene.

O could *Canutus* (that victorious Dane,
That whilome did thy great State Signiorize,
Whoſe ſword, through men, to thy Crowne made a lane)
Now ſee his Ofspring, in thy Paradiſe,
Ador'd of all thine, holy, or prophane,
He would bee readie to forſake the ſkyes,
And come, with heauenly glorie, to augment,
Great Britaines glorie, worlds great wonderment?

Yee noble Blouds to Honours Taſke aſſign'd,
Let now your mounting Spirits make you mount,
Such Pegaſſes as may out-fly the winde,
And ſhiuer Staues, at Tilt (beyond your wont)
That Times to come in Poets Staues, may finde,
Yee did great *Arthurs* Minions farre ſurmount:
Proclame a Chalenge through the world to make,
Your valours knowne, for Kingly honors ſake.

Yee

BIEN VENV.

Yee read of many Chalenges proclaim'd,
By Keysors past, that present Time admires;
And how the Victors haue their Daughters claim'd,
As the propoſed Prizes by their Sires:
Out-run thoſe Rnnners, ſith their fame is maim'd
That runne but through effeminate deſires:
Runne yee for glorie, and your Soueraignes grace,
So ſhall your fames runne farre beyond your Race.

If Pompe to Proweſſe ere were kindly knit,
Now to your Proweſſe add ye pompe, ſans pride:
And to your pompe the richeſt ſhow of wit,
For, oft ſuch ſhowes, do ſhowes more ſimple hide,
And to the Showers glorie gaine by it,
That els perhaps (in gold) might not be eyde:
As Heauen hath Starres her face to beautifie,
So be you Starres, to make Earths Heauenly.

And like the Starres oppoſed, and diſpoſ'd,
Produce ye wonders, mankinde to amaze:
Let *Denmarke* ſee great Brittaine, with her cloſ'd,
Makes the World ſtand in wonderment at gaze;
Sith of their Mould it ſees halfe-Gods compoſ'd,
That doe the memorie of others raze:
The manner of your motions fetch from thence,
From whence the Starres deriue their influence.

So ſhall they be all glorious, like the Sunne,
That runnes oblikelie to the Heauens Race:
So, though your deeds for Pompe, and praiſe be donne,
It is diſpenc't with, by the Heauenly grace:
Sith Princes they alow a Race to runne,
As may, with pompe, deuide them from the Baſe:
„ The Time, and Place, and Perſons may be ſuch,
„ That Pompe may ſhow her *All*, yet not too much.

For, Charge is meaſur'd by Hability,
Not by the Coſt, what ere the Charges are;
Showes moſt maieſtick, fit moſt Maieſtie;
Which is in Earth, where Kings as one appeare:
Vniting ſo their Raies of Roialty,
Which needs muſt make it great, as it is rare:
Then ſpare no Coſt, ſith Gold for glori's made,
And glory now is got, which cannot fade.

For, Honors Chalenge now is on her wings,
Flying (from Hence) through all the Continent;
Lighting no where but in the Courts of Kings:
Inciting all (in earneſt meriment)
To proue their force, by Armes, which glorie brings
Againſt the braueſt *Britiſh* hardiment:
If therefore now ye ſhrinke (ſith gold is deere)
Y'are farre from Glorie, ſith ye are ſo neere.

If many Worlds ye ſeek, or Ages liue,
Perhaps ye ſhould not find occaſion ſuch,
As now rich *Opportunity* doth giue
To make you *Fame-full* though it empt your Pouche:
Two Kings thus met, make Kingdomes richly thriue,
Though it vnlines their *P*urſe with wearing much:
Then, ſith but ſeld, or ne're Kings conſort thus,
Be glorious now, or ſtill inglorious.

Get Phænix-feathers to adorne your Creſts,
Wherein imparadize the *S*oule of Wit
With ſuch deuice as onelie Wit diſgeſts;
Yet fills him head-full with receiuing it:
Your Launces tip with Diamonds; your *R*eſts
Of *R*ubies make, this pretious time to fit:
Arme ye in gold, that golden worlds may view,
Great *Britain*'s metamorphoſ'd to Peru.

Let not the *S*awes of eache neere niggard friend,
*R*egarded be, that euer ſpeakes to ſpare;
*S*ith there are times to ſpare, and times to ſpend:
According as our times, and fortunes are:
No Charge ſo great as Highnes back can bend,
When its vpheld by Props, as ritch, as rare;
Though Money be the ſinewes of the warres,
It muſt be ſpent too, to preuent thoſe Iarres.

BIEN VENV.

Great *Britaines Denmarke, Denmarkes Britaine* is,
By tranſmigration one int'other gon;
Which doth increaſe their beauty, ſtrength, & bliſſe,
And firmes their forme by tranſformation:
Then ſhall we not (as glad) triumph in this,
*S*ith their two heads are now (or neuer) one:
Like horſes, we our owne ſtrength do not know,
If when our ſtrengths increaſe, no ioy we ſhow.

Looke on the faces of theſe Danes, our kin,
How like they are to vs; as if we were
Borne of eache other, as we erſt haue bin;
If likeneſſe then begets affection deere,
We may exceed in ſhowing (without ſinne)
Our *L*oues to them, as theirs to vs appeare:
We haue a Pledge of theirs, their deereſt bloud,
Our deereſt Queen, whence our deere Princes bud.

Then wel-fare yee, by whom ſo well we fare:
And welcome ye, through whome we well are come
Vnto that greatneſſe, that we are as ſquare
As any Potentate of Chriſtendome:
All yours and ours conioyned as they are
Gainſt other force inuincible become:
Then are ye welcome for theſe deer reſpects,
To vs, who you embrace with deer'ſt affects.

Though

Though *one hath writ that well Hiſtorifies, *Comines
Much hurt enſues the interview of Kings,
Becauſe their Traines each other oft deſpiſe:
For, men in ſtrife for Pompe, are diueliſh Things:
Yet where great Pompe is ſhown, in louing wiſe,
To ſhow great welcome, no hurt from it ſprings:
Then what our pompe perſwades, or we performe,
Is yours, and ours, ſith loue doth vs conforme.

Conformd by loue, informd by wit, and grace
(As Nations ciuill, eache alide to eache)
We, as your Hoſts, will giue your (Gueſts) the place,
Whiles our Prouiſions do your welcome preache;
And you accept it with a ioyfull face;
So, in our Vnitie ſhall be no breache:
The Maſter of a feaſt the more he ſpends,
The more it ſeems, he loues th'inuited friends.

You do vs honor by this viſitation,
And make our State more ſtately by the ſame:
Wee'l honor you againe in ſelfeſame faſhion,
So to corroborate your force, and fame;
And enuie grieue with our congratulation,
Or make hir grone within our Angers flame:
Be we ſtil enui'd, neuer pitied be,
One comes of might, the other miſery,
And enui'd be wee ſhall, while wee agree.

Thou

BIEN VENV.

Thou Royall Seat of farre renowned Kings,
(*Britaines* great Monarks, Kings of great *Britaine*,
Whoſe name from LVD, thy much-inlarger Springs)
Be braue, thy beſt friends now to intertaine:
Make all thy Swannes on thy faire Thames to ſing,
No dying Songs, but ſongs that life ſuſtaine:
And in thy bright Streetes be ſuch ſong, or ſed,
That make the dead, aliue: the liuing, dead.

Thine out-ſide hang with coſtly cloath of State,
And let thine inſides be as faire, as fine:
Thy ſacred Head, which no head ere can rate,
In an Emperiall Crowne (paſt price) confine:
With all thine All, thine All Condecorate,
That all may be in loue with thee, and thine:
For, where Magnificence conſorteth Loue,
It Hatred makes Loues hotteſt paſſions proue.

Ring Bels, ſound Trumps, ſweete Bone-fires make to burne
With all that may delight, or Sight, or Sent:
Raiſe ſhouts for ioy, while Spight therat doth moorne:
And bend, with Loues good cheere, the backward bent:
Let all from high'ſt to loweſt, in their turne,
Show ſome true token of a kinde intent:
Loue can do all things: then, when all our loues
Are ioyn'd in one, both Heauen, & Earth it moues.

Top

BIEN VENV.

Top thy Church Battlements with Streamers white,
To ſhow thou peace enioy'ſt, and offreſt peace
To all that do in ciuill ſtrife delight,
If from Contention, they would ſo ſurceaſe:
„ Sweete Loue to loue alures the bitter'ſt Spight.
„ And in the life of Vnion, Ods deceaſſe:
„ O let no Dane haue cauſe to ſay, or thinke,
We, at our ods, made their loues eyes to winke.

Inueſt thy Church-men in the Coſtlieſt Copes,
Though bitter Zeale it ſtiles, *Spots of the Beaſt:*
And in Proceſſion let them goe by troopes,
To ſanctifie the ground by Heauen bleſt,
(Sith with our loues it doth increaſe our hopes)
That beares the Body of our Kingly Gheſt:
And if blinde Zeale doe call it Papiſtry,
Say (though it ſtab) it tels an holy lye.

O ZEALE, deere Vertue! (that deuour'ſt the Soules
(Yea Soules, and Bodies of true holy Ones)
How art thou now abuſ'd by buſie fooles
Vſing thy name to pull Kings from their Thrones,
And in erecting of Sciſmatick Schooles,
Whiles Charitie, to ſee thy damage, grones?
No erring Church miſleads her Common-weale:
But ſtill it vndergoes the name of zeale.

Throw

Throwe from thy face the Maſke, which Fraud puts on;
They keepe not, but diſtaine thy beautie bright:
For, on it onely ſhines Gods glorious Sonne,
That makes the wrongeſt beautie, righteſt right:
Then, Maſks do marre the ſweete Complexion,
That's made by Iuſtice Sonnes adorning light:
Be thou thy ſelfe then, and thou ſo wilt ſhine,
That all the world, in loue, will ſtraight be thine.

Tranſ-Alpine Faith (that Workes doſt much embrace,)
Worke while thou wilt, ſo thy Workes ſhow that Creed
That ſets foorth Faith: for Faith, too bare, is baſe:
Yet, let no faire Worke prooue ſo fowle a Deede
(To blot thy Browe with ſuch, too black, diſgrace)
As, for thy health, to make the SACRED bleede:
Win (if thou canſt) by *ſeaſoning* Plaints, and Teares,
Not loſe (alas) by *powdring* Prince, and Peeres.

» *Looke what thou wouldſt bee done vnto, ſo do,*
» Is true *Loues Law*, which wee are tyde vnto.

Loe, by the way (prouoked by thy wrong)
From mine intention haue I thus digreſt:
And ſharply warbled on it in my ſong,
But yet (I hope) the reliſh likes the beſt:
Now to thee LONDON, and thy louely Throng
Will I returne: for in thee is my reſt:
Yet reſt I in thee, reſtleſſe, Idly too,
Which being croſſe, croſſe Fortune makes me do,

Bring

Bring out thy Tables to thy open Streetes:
Be open handed, as th'art hearted now:
In priuate eate no more thy daintie meates,
But, with thy Company, thy Cates allow
In Common, to the Danes, with kinde intreats,
To make their hearts in kindneſſe ouerflow:
That by that inundation both may be,
Floted to Heau'ns of earths felicitie.

Bountie brings Honour, Honour bliſſe doth bring
To thoſe whome Honours holy hand doth bleſſe:
Then, as thou would'ſt haue bliſſe, let euery thing
Thou doſt, of Bountie taſte: yea, touch Exceſſe:
There, hold thy hand, ſith more grieues God and King,
Who Bountie loues, yet hateth Riotouſneſſe:
But yet when *B*ounti's great by great Good-will,
She is deliuerd of Aboundance ſtill.

Then let thy Conduits runne with rareſt wines,
That all may freely drinke all health to thee:
And to thoſe Kings, their Heires, and their Aſſignes,
By whom thou art, or maiſt the better bee:
Yet, O beware of Drunkards fowle deſignes,
Take healthes, while thou from ſurfet maiſt be free:
„ For'tis no glorie, but a foule reproach,
„ To take (like Tuns) the wine that Shame doth broch:

And, let thy Muſes ſo in Pageants ſpeake,
That they may make the clamorous Crowde attend:
Although their voice, through wants become ſo weake,
That they may ſeeme to ſpeake to little end:
Sith the rude Multitude will ſilence breake,
Though ſpeake there may an Angell, or a Feind:
Yet what they ſpeake, in Print, in Print may be
Conuai'd aloft, downe to Poſteritie.

Thy Senators (in wel-beſeene aray,
With all the pompe that pow'r may well effect)
Make them, for theſe great Monarches, to make way
Through thy choyce Streetes (with gaudy glory deckt)
And let thy Denizens their parts ſo play,
That forraine lookers on may it affect:
In Summe, let ſome, and all of thee, and them,
Reſemble all in new *Ieruſalem*.

O! that my Muſe were wing'd with Angels Plumes,
That ſhe might mount aboue the Roofe of Heauen,
To viewe that glorie which no time conſumes,
It to relate, in ſacred numbers euen,
For thine example: that, as now, aſſumes
But glories ſhape, by Arte, and Nature geu'n,
I bleſſed were, and thou wert bleſt in mee,
By whom thou ſhouldſt beheauen all that ſee.

But ah(alas)my ſhort-wing'd Muſe doth hant
None but the obſcure corners of the Earth,
Where ſhe with naught, but care,is conuerſant:
Which makes her curſe her caſe, and ban her birth.
Where ſhe(except ſhe would turne ignorant)
Muſt liue, till die ſhe muſt,in mournfull-mirth;
Which is the cheriſhing the World doth giue
To thoſe that muſe to die,not muſe to liue.

Our Braines,wherein our Soules do exercize
Their chiefeſt Functions, wonders to effect,
If,while they worke,the thoughts of wants ariſe,
The worke ſtands ſtill: ſith our Soules more reſpect
The Bodies wants,ſtill crying for Supplies,
Then they doe Wits ſuperfluous pompe affect;
Or,if they worke,and thoſe wants cry out ſtill,
The worke is wondrous,but,it's wondrous ill.

For,when the Braines with croſſe-Cares are diſtracted,
(They being the Inſtruments,Wit workes withall)
What Thoughts, by them, can poſſibly be acted
But ſuch as (in Commotion)riſe,to fall?
For,then the thoughts are ſo,in Sydes,compacted,
That they do runne aſide in generall:
Then,croſſe World wonder not though Wit,in want,
Be, in his largeneſſe(like thy Largeſſe)ſcant.

This double-deſkant ſingle ſkill bewraies;
Its harſh, and moſt diſcordant to the Ground:
And Poeſie, on this Point, too often plaies,
Aſwell in This, as other Worlds around:
For, Poets of all Times their Times diſpraiſe;
But through the Times Sides, ſo, themſelues they wound:
And wounded ſo, (ſith ſo the Times they harme)
The Times forſake them, or them quite diſarme.

Well, be it ſo, (though Well it cannot be
That is ſo ill with thoſe that meane but well)
A weake Pen holds the heavieſt part of me
(Which is my heart) from death; and doth expell
The cares that kill it, by ſweet Poeſie,
Whereby, in griefe, it ſeemes in heau'n to dwell:
Then, though it be a Portion for the poore:
Let me be ritch in that, I ſeeke no more.

And all my ſtore (though ritch beyond compare)
I would powre out, to bid you *BIEN VENV*,
Moſt welcome *Danes*: naie, I would nothing ſpare
To entertaine my ſelfe; but all for you
Should out, as one that had no other care,
But with full meaſure, to giue you your due:
And if I did Hyperboles affect
Art ſhould diſcharge theyr MVCH on loues effect.

Sith

BIEN VENV.

Sith many welcomes may Suſpect incurre,
(,, For, feweſt words the faithful'ſt friends do vſe)
On welcomes Declaration to demurre
More than I haue, I might my Wit abuſe:
Which held it meete my lynes ſhould reach thus farre,
To raiſe the *S*prits of ſome more happie Muſe:
That may (as Miſtreſſe of Loues Complements)
Giue you your welcome to your hearts contents.

Burnt Child doth feare aſwell the Sparkes, as Flame:
Your welcomes to our *Waſſels*, and our *Border*
Were heretofore (as knowes the world) to blame:
But then (perhaps) yee were our heauie Lords;
And we no Scruple made of our defame,
To eaſe our ſelues, by double Deeds, and Words:
But, now ye come, our Hearts to yours to binde,
Your welcomes are as true, as you are kinde.

True: for, your kindneſſe now doth grace vs much:
True: for, we Brethren are by our Queene Mother:
True: ſith in Loue and likeneſſe we are ſuch,
True: for, the ones caſe now becomes the other:
True: for, you make our hollow friends to grutch:
Though they (diſſemblingly) the ſame do ſmother:
And, in a word, true, for you graund our bliſſe:
Then thinke your welcome kinde, as ſure it is.

VVhile

While Seas, on either ſide, this Land ſhall bound
Your comming thus, and welcome ſhall appeare:
In faire eternall Lines which ſhall be found
In our beſt Hiſtories, and Poems cleere,
The fame wherof through all worlds ſo ſhall ſound,
That it ſhall ring in *Times* eternall eare:
Didoes deer welcoms to the *Troian* Knight,
Shall, through this welcoms luſtre, loſe their light.

For, what made that in glory ſhine ſo long,
But *Poets Pens*, pluckt from Archangels wings:
And ſome we haue can ſing as ſweet a *Song*
As any Tuſkane, though with him he brings
The Queen of Art, to right him, being wrong;
For, ſome can ſay their Muſe was made for Kings:
But, be it made for Kings, or Gods, or men,
Soule-pleaſing *Helicon* flowes from their *Pen*.

And let none Tax them for this ſelfe conceite,
Sith ſuch conceite to euery *Maker* is
Their Shade, which on their Subſtance ſtill doth waite:
Moſt *Makers* marre, yet make they none amiſſe:
Becauſe their words haue meaſure (though not waight)
Which makes them meet, how euer meane, by this:
Though ſome will ſay, ther's more hope of a foole,
Then of the ſelf-conceited in each *Schoole*.

But what is this to that we haue in hand?
How do theſe Strains concerne our welcome Gheſts?
No whit; but, hereby they may vnderſtand
That we haue Reeds, and *Pipes*, and Harpes, and Wreſts
To make them merrie, and their Eares command:
As wel as thoſe, to whoſe Notes liſten beaſts:
By which we can ſo note their being here,
That in Fames Bbok it euer ſhall appeare.

In golden *Capitalls* all Times ſhall ſpell
(As they paſſe by (in thought out-flying) flight)
How we deſire thoſe ſwift wingd Times to tell
The *Dances*, and ours made one vnited Might;
Vnited by a *Match* that made vs dwell
In ſafetie, from the rage of worlds deſpight;
And how they came to vs, the ſame to ſhow,
That all the world might know it to be ſo.

Then drop downe cleer gold from your *Pens* apace
Ye braine-bred Goddeſſes moſt ſacred Scribes;
I often ye inuoke to ſhow your grace
To glorifie our Soueraignes, and their Tribes:
That now ſo heau'nlie make our earthly caſe,
As ſcarſe the perfect'ſt *Pen* aright diſcribes:
No moderne *Muſe* had ere ſuch cauſe to mount,
Or line her head at *Aganippaes* Fount.

On

On what poore Grounds did richeſt wits of yore
Beſtow ſuch deſcant as men yet admire?
Naſo, lou'd Nuts, and praiſed them therefore
With Lines, wherein they burne in quenchleſſe fire:
Virgills preude Numbers did a *Gnat* adore:
Homers, the fight of Frogges made to aſpire:
Theſe were the Gods of Poeſie, and yet
They on theſe Plainesongs did rich deſcant ſet.

Then, how may moderne *Homers*, and the reſt,
Vpon this Ground (that of it ſelfe doth riſe
To roiall meetings of Kings highlie bleſt)
*M*ake all their Straines rebound againſt the ſkies,
Sending their Ecchoes ſo, from Eaſt to Weſt
With ſuch an accent ſhrill, as neuer dies:
The ſkil's but baſe to *Cynthia* to aſpire
If he that mounts, be in the Spheare of fire.

Then, ô how my dull Muſe doth (like a *S*wanne
Which bluſhes at hir feet, though white ſhe be)
Bluſh, ſith her feet are *Ethiopian*
Fowle, in the eies of twice faire Maieſtie:
For whoſe ſake I this Balladrie began,
Prouokt by ioy to ſee what now I ſee.
But eache Epiſtle in each Pamphlets front,
Can tell that Kings t'accept meane Guifts were wont.

Yet leaſt I ſhould offend (as well I may)
I write the leſſe, the leſſe ſo to offend:
For, Breuitie doth Iudgement oft betraie:
That weens that well done', roundly brought to end:
Then, heere my creeking Pen Ile force to ſtaie,
(Though nere ſo forward) till the ſame I mend:
Which when I do, perhaps hereon Ile write,
That ſaddeſt Kings ſhall reade it with delight,

FINIS.

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